New York New York

By : Frank Sinatra

Start spreading the news  
I am leaving today 

I want to be a part of it  
New York, New York

These vagabond shoes 

are longing to stray  
Right through the very heart of it  
New York, New York

I want to wake up in that city

That doesn't sleep 

And find I'm king of the hill   
Top of the heap

These little town blues  
are melting away

I ‘ll make a brand new start of it  
In old New York



If I can make it there  
I'll make it anywhere  
It's up to you  
New York, New York

